

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

This ARGUS o'er the people's rights,
Doth an eternal vigil keep

No soothing strains of Maïa'sson,
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

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WHAT IS LITERATURE.

AN ANSWER THAT IS IN ITSELF A CLASSIC.

A "Friend of the Ladies" Replies to Some Caustic Criticism of His Saturday Article and Leaves His Critics With a Foot to Stand On.

EDITOR ARGUS:—

The contribution of the "Ladies' Friend" seems to have had the effect of doing what all good newspaper matter should do—stir the town. It will be interesting to the critics of that contribution to learn, however, that it was not originally written for the ARGUS, but in response to the author's arrangement to furnish literary matter for the press elsewhere. The contribution was modeled after three distinct contributions in the old London Spectator, which, as to style and methods of treatment, the writer kept distinctly before his mind. The suggestion as to the spitting came, not from his own mind, but from the notes which he had seen pasted by the Club in the post office.

After the article had been written and was about to be mailed to another journal, the idea struck the author that, possibly, it might make pleasant humor for the ARGUS, and withdrawing it from the envelope, already addressed and stamped, he substituted actual, definite, well-known points, in and around the town, for points which he had invented in his mind, thus rewriting to that extent, what was intended for publication elsewhere—as mere playfulness with the Rambler of the ARGUS.

The article was then brought to the editor of the ARGUS, and, with the request that he critically listen and note if offence could possibly be taken, it was slowly and carefully read. However, after it was agreed that the humor was altogether impersonal, the author of the article, even then, with the statement that he feared the local literary temper of the community might not discriminate between literature with a skeleton of local statement, from which to widen its humor, and an onset on persons, was on the eve of withdrawing the article and sending it, as originally written, to the journal for which it was prepared, and where, had it appeared, it would have taken rank as have similar humors from that author's pen and would have been extracted from by the press of the country as is so constantly done from his writings.

On being told yesterday, just as he was about to leave town, that his article was unclean because of its reference to spitting, he heartily laughed and remarked, "What an honor! I shall go down in this community with Charles Dickens, who was so in the habit of having folks to whop out big handkerchiefs and blow their noses, an act so much more distasteful than expelling the secretions of the mouth; and, furthermore, to stuff snuff from their

quaint snuff-boxes up their noses so as to accomplish an artificial expulsion when nature refused. Churchill, the author of Richard Carvel, possibly the greatest fiction in our day, is certainly tabooed in Goldsboro, since when his hero, Richard's grandson, is thrust among the social and literary cult of England, somebody is everlastingly handing out snuff to make people blow their noses. In the thousands of columns that I have written for the press I never made anybody blow his or her nose. Did you note the entire absence of nose-blowing in my article? Why, if Dickens and Churchill and Thackeray and others, too, are of the pure, then I'm just a little sweet thing, purer than the purest. And, by the way, about my comparison of the woman's chin to the chin of a frog, I would be glad if my learned literary critics would read Bulwer's "New Eutopia,"—about the briefest of all his fictions. It will not require more than 30 minutes. They will there learn, along the most charming humorous lines, that the most intellectual character in the book determines,—from her standpoint as a scientist, that the frog is the highest development of life, because it is wholly hairless; and this suggestion came down to me from a source so illustrious as Bulwer. So, down I go with Bulwer. Say these things, Joe, if you like, to any who may be saturated with the spirit of English literature. I was not speaking for others and I hope that I was not speaking to empty benches. Perhaps it would be well, if it could be done along lines that are without bitterness, to start a discussion locally as to schools of criticism touching humor, pathos and didactics. I have spent my holidays studiously reviewing Taine, who, revolutionizing fundamentals in the art of critical treatment, is not only in this country but at Oxford, England, the master of a new and accepted school; and, just now, I'm somewhat afire from being awakened by the great master.

By the way, a queer thing happened. In writing, I had finished that article without the last paragraph as it appears, and was rising from my work, when, as suddenly as a flash of lightning, a book that I had forgotten, except as it was mentioned to me by an intelligent friend a few months ago, flashed on my mind. It was the "New Abelard," by Buchanan, one of the great books of the world. Suddenly the closing days of the heroine in a nunnery in Rome intensified, and in an instant I diverted it into a humor—"devilish," wasn't it?—and found the suggestion. The Editor of the ARGUS then asked the author of the "Ladies' Friend" article what he thought of the progress of literary life in North Carolina. He said "I must write that; I want to be clear." Taking a pen he wrote as follows:

We are doing nothing. The difficulty throughout the State is just what you behold locally. I have not always agreed with Walter Page, but he is right about the mastery of literature. When he lectured on this subject before the Normal School at Greensboro, President McIver was so anxious

that I hear him that he annulled an engagement for me and sent a carriage to the McAdoo House and forced me before my old friend Walter. I think Walter is sometimes very careless in his syntax, but he is right when he says that literature is right around us. It is, in fact, disconnected with letters, except as the Latin derivative of the word suggests. It would live if there were no written characters. It is elementary in thought, incidentally in letters. A short while ago, in writing to a young lady who is taking a post graduate course at this time in English literature, I told her not to forget that literature is in the palms of her hands and under the soles of her feet. It is in the things around, those things that we may see with our eyes and touch with our hands. This is the literature that we should enshrine into letters. In sending an article some time ago to one of the most distinguished journalists in the South in which I had dealt with a little subject before my eyes in North Carolina, I took occasion to say what I substantially repeat, that it is impossible to produce authors until the schools free us, not from the knowledge, but from the thrall of the classics. Everything has been thought out and written about Greek gods, and temples, and Roman triumphs that it is possible to write along rational, poetic or inferential lines, and the ordained means for the development of the mind in North Carolina is rehearsing in the higher courses of literature and to a wide degree in the study of English authorities. We must be able to grab the dirt from under our soles and convert it into grains of intellectual life. Why is there such a disparity to-day between the New England authors and those of the South? Why, simply because New England has had a Hawthorne and others of his mental bent, who took the things right around them and made them big as the world itself. "The Scarlet Letter," on which Hawthorne based his great work by that name, was actually found by him as a simple red letter on cloth in the garret of the old custom house, at Salem, Mass., where he was collector of that port, under the administration of Franklin Pierce. His tales of the old manse were actually suggestions that came to him while living in the old parsonage house itself. His Twice Told Tales come from local surroundings as definite as the shop of the blacksmith at Cambridge, which suggested to Longfellow "The Village Blacksmith," that has run into child-life wherever an English-speaking child prattles. Whenever these authors have left American soil for their subjects they have left no impress. Longfellow's "Michael Angelo" is a piece of enameled work, wholly artificial, and nobody reads it. We have around us more than in New England, but we are not taught that it is literature. We deride it. If it appears, led by some venturesome hand, the hand that brings it is accused of personality, of misanthropy toward mankind in trying to make somebody, of whom the author never thought, a character whom he

seeks to insult. If a local surrounding, or a local incident is described, somebody dodges as if the author, instead of being oblivious of their presence on the earth, were aiming a gun to kill them. It grows out of the conventionalism that cannot disassociate intellectual life from something ponderous, with some kind of organization, something distinctly exclusive, and all of which is the death of true intellectualism among any people. It is the woman with the distaff; it is the man with the plow; it is the child with the sooty face; the cow that comes to our own gate, with udder in pain for the soft fingers of the milkmaid; and it is the creeks, whose waters go through our own farms: these are of the things that make literature; and we should study these subjects with our own hearts and eyes. We must see the divinity that is in them, and this can not be done beneath parlor lamps. The preparation of this study is awful at times, but its recompense is glorious. It is wrought out in ceaseless thought, on the street, in the cars; wherever we may trend. One laugh of a child is enough, when impinging the brain, to give thought-food for a year, and may lead to such an apprehension of child-life as to make us masters of that subject. And then the toils of the night, when others sleep—tossing almost with the sweat of blood, that we may master those things that may equip us to embody the literature around us, at last make that intellectual life, which, finally, falls tenderly as the fleecy snow, but as genial as the sunshine over a community and then the fellowship of intellectual life binds us with bands of steel.

FRIEND OF THE LADIES.

A Drowning Tragedy.

Raleigh News and Observer of Sunday.

Yesterday about noon, at Hinton's pond, eight miles northwest of this city, three boys, sons of prominent citizens, were drowned. They were:

Mial Williamson, age 15, son of Capt. B. P. Williamson, treasurer of this county

Edwin Lee, age 14, only son of Mr. Cleve R. Lee, a prominent leaf tobacco dealer.

James Hinton, age 15, only son of Mr. Charles Hinton, formerly executive clerk of Governor Carr.

The boys were school-mates and devoted friends. They had planned to spend the day hunting on Mr. Hinton's farm, but they never fired a gun.

They had gone only a mile and a half from the Hinton residence before they came to a pond, known as "Hinton's pond," and maintained by several gentlemen in this city for fishing purposes. This being frozen over they placed their guns on the bank and went out on the ice. But they had not gone far before it broke and all three went under together.

Four hours later they were found, frozen and lifeless, under the ice. Mial Williamson and Edwin Lee, such devoted friends in life, were lying almost side by side on the bottom in water about six feet deep.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders

are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package. For sale by M. E. Robinson and Bro. and Goldsboro Drug Co. in Goldsboro, and J. R. Smith Mt. Olive, N. C.

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Senator Morgan the Champion of North Carolina—Speaks on Amendment.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Senator Morgan of Alabama, took up the "white man's burden" in North Carolina in the Senate today and delivered a defense of the proposed constitutional amendment that will ring from the seaboard to her western mountains for months to come. As a supporter of the right of the Caucasian race to rule, as a presentation of legal authorities to sustain the right of a State to regulate her election franchise, as an expounder of the true intent of the constitution, Senator Morgan not only arose to the occasion, but surpassed even many of his former great efforts. The galleries of the Senate were crowded, and he was heard with rapt attention. Crowded about him on the floor were Senators Butler and Pritchard, Allison, Spooner, Pettus, McLaurin and great lawyers of the Senate, while Congressmen Small, Crawford, Bellamy, Thomas, Kitchin and Klutz came over from the House and drank in every word of the great defense of constitutional liberty uttered by perhaps its most able defender in the Senate.

Prior to Senator Morgan commencing his speech, Senator Pritchard offered a substitute for his original resolution, which is incorporated in Mr. Morgan's speech. When Mr. Morgan concluded he was heartily congratulated by all North Carolina Congressmen and many Senators.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle

Miss Edna McClellan, who has been raising a fund for the purchase of a loving cup for Admiral Schley, through the endless chain system, has now received \$5,000, with many contingent subscriptions made on condition that it be finally determined to purchase a house. Miss McClellan has appointed a committee to handle the money, and she says a gentleman whose name she has been asked not to make public just yet, has promised to make up the balance necessary to purchase a suitable home if by July 1 the fund amounts to \$25,000.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., druggists, Goldsboro, N. C.

While There is Life There is Hope

I was afflicted with catarrh, could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus G. Shautz, Rahway, N. J. The Balm reached me safely and the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave decided relief. Respectfully, Mrs. Franklin Freeman, Dover, N. H. The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. For sale by all druggists or will be mailed for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York.

Headache

Biliousness, sour stomach, constipation and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

The non-irritating cathartic. Price 25 cents of all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Frightful Blunder.

will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. H. Hill & Son, Druggist.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrew S. Rowan, who when he was a lieutenant carried the now famous message to Garcia, is being urged as deserving a medal of honor. The West Virginia delegates in Congress have visited President McKinley to ask for this honor, and the result of their interview is said to have been satisfactory.

An editor prints his paper to give his patrons the news of the day and for the money there is in it. He is presumed to know of what he writes, and he generally does. When he writes as he does in the Leader Courier, Ocala Mills, Pa., without fear or hope of reward, that "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts magically, and we have found none better in our household. If you have a cough, try it," it may be accepted as an honest expression, worthy of credence. For sale by M. E. Robinson & Bro., and Goldsboro Drug Co. in Goldsboro, and J. R. Smith, Mt. Olive, N. C.

Of fourteen Harvard professors interviewed by the New York Journal nine are on the side of England and four on the Boer side in the controversy that led to the South African war, while Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who so bitterly opposed our war with Spain, though sympathizing with England, declines to commit himself.

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a coactive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all druggists.

Fredrick W. Molloy, who left a profitable plumber's business to enlist in the war with Spain, failed to get work when discharged, and finally died in New York of disease contracted while in Cuba, was about to be buried in Potter's Field when Miss Helen Gould came to the rescue. Miss Gould will also see that Molloy's aged mother, who is destitute, ill and alone, will have proper medical attendance and care.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., Druggists, Goldsboro, N. C.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Not only cures, but it keeps well. Is sold by an organized company of responsible business men and has the endorsement of thousands of Clergymen and noted people throughout the country. We speak of that wonderful instrument, Electropoise, and ask your careful examination into the cures it has wrought. Col. A. F. Runally, of the Inter-Ocean, Chicago, writes: "Nearly three years experience with Electropoise only confirms the truth of your claims. I say to my friends that this instrument is a most wonderful invention, and I would not part with mine if I could not get another." Send address for our book giving letters from people who have been cured by Electropoise. ELECTROPOISE CO., 48 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned having been appointed and qualified as administrator of Geo. W. Sanderlin, deceased, all persons having claims against said decedent are hereby notified to exhibit the same to me at La Grange, N. C., on or before the 20th day of January, A. D. 1901, and all persons indebted to said decedent are required to make payment to me. This 8th day of January, A. D. 1900.

S. J. WOOTEN, Adm'r of Geo. W. Sanderlin, deceased.